. R. R.
RADWAY'S
ADY RELIEF,
Cheapest and Best Family
edicine for Family Use
in the World.
CURES AND PREVENTS
ds, Coughs,
Stiff Neck.
umatism,
euralgia,
Diphtheria,
Influenza.
Sore Throat,
ifficult Breathing.
WEL COMPLAINTS,
s, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful
ns from the bowels, are stopped in fifteen or
minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief.
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will follow the use of the Ready Relief.
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LY PAIN REMEDY
antly stops the most excruciating pains,
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will afford Instant Ease.
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Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs
Throat, Difficult Breathing, Pal-
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, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheuma-
, Cold Chills, Ague Chills, Chill-
e, Frost Bites, Bruises, Nervous-
, Sleeplessness, Coughs, Colds,
ins, Pains in the Chest, Back or
s, are instantly relieved.
plication of the Ready Relief to the part or
re the pain or difficulty exists will afford
comfort.
so many drops in half a tumbler of water
few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour
ach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa,
, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Inter-
l Pains.
hly Important that Every Family Keep a
Supply of
DWAY'S READY RELIEF
n the house. Its use will prove beneficial;
ld or pain of sickness. There is nothing
rld that will stop pain or arrest the progress
e as quick as the Ready Relief.
Fifteen to take as a tonic. Laudyne or
otion.
Epidemic diseases prevail, such as Fevers,
, Cholera, Influenza, Diptheria, Scarlet,
Pneumonia and other malignant diseases,
DWAY'S READY RELIEF will, if taken as di-
protect the system against attacks, and if
with sickness, quickly cure the patient.
Many cases of Fever and Ague a bottle of Rad-
eady Relief will break with them. A few drops in
ter will prevent sickness or pains from change of
or will be better than French Brandy or Bitters as
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ria in its Various Forms,
FEVER AND AGUE.
S AND AGUE cured for 50 cents. There
remedial agent in this world that will cure
d Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious
, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fever (aided by
DWAY'S PILLS,) so quickly as
WAY'S READY RELIEF
Fifty Cents per Bottle.
. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN
SOLVENT!
THE GREAT
OOD PURIFIER!
GES AS SEEN AND FELT
THEY DAILY OCCUR!
ER USING A FEW DOSES.
spirits, disappearance of weakness, lan-
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no more sour eructations or waterbrash,
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The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 9, 1884.

☞ *Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.*

☞ *A copy of this week's Ploughman will be sent gratuitously to every member of the New England Agricultural Society, containing the official report of the great annual meeting held in Boston, Feb, 5th inst.*

A Constitutional Prohibition convention was held in Tremont Temple on Tuesday, the re be ing a forenoon and afternoon session.

Gov. Robinson made an after dinner speech at the reunion of the Massachusetts Press Association, at the Revere House in Boston, on Tuesday ast.

United States Commissioner Loring addressed the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, last Tuesday evening, on the Advancement of Scientific Investigation.

The situation of affairs in Fall River caused by the general labor strike against the reduction of wages, last Monday morning, remains unchanged. In the Atlantic Mills at Lawrence there has been a partial strike of the female operatives.

ANNUAL MEETING.

OF THE

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

No previous annual meeting of the New England Agricultural Society has been so large in numbers or so enthusiastic in spirit as the one held at the Society's Headquarters in Boston, at No. 45 Milk street, on Tuesday. If a stranger from beyond the limits of New England had looked in upon the meeting and witnessed the earnestness [illegible] and practical and resolute manner of transacting the Society's business, and the thorough prevalence of a loyal feeling which characterized the proceedings of the session, he would have gone away impressed with the strong vitality and marked vigor of an Association that combines within itself the agricultural interests of six sovereign States and can point to the records of a twenty years' term of active usefulness. It would have done every farmer in New England good to look in upon his faithful body of representatives, thus assembled in their annual congress, and catch the spirit that ruled the occasion. Not less than three hundred members were present. They addressed themselves with out delay to the business before them, and despatched it to the general satisfaction.

The readers of the *Ploughman* will find a complete report of the proceedings in neighboring columns of the present issue, which renders it unnecessary to recite the several points in this place except as they call for more particular comment. The presence of President Loring, who had come from his official duties in Washington to preside on this occasion, was greeted with cordial satisfaction by all. The Treasurer's report shows a healthy and sound state of the Society financially, with a balance of nearly five thousand dollars in hand. The money test is usually accepted as the crucial one in all such matters. If, in the present instance, it is to be subjected to interpretation, as indeed it well may be, it can be made to convey but one meaning; and that is, that the Society is solidly supported by the intelligent and enterprising farmers of New England and by the interested general public. This is a fact of which too much cannot be made, since it lends direct encouragement to the Society in the pursuit of its purposes, and to the farming interest of this section in its quest of improved methods and a higher cultivation. The great point from the start was, to arouse the attention of the [illegible] to the increasing importance of agriculture in the social [illegible]

If this point had not yet been gained, no proof of the fact would be more convincing than the financial failure of the Society's management. As it is, however, the Society has paid its way and secured its surplus from the beginning, never yet having been compelled to confess, even for a single year, to the unwelcome fact of a failure. The Secretary's report only served to confirm all that was so concisely expressed by the figures of the Treasurer. It showed the condition of the Society to be thoroughly vigorous and virile; that it did not flag or falter in its action; that, while it is properly conservative in its general temper, it is aggressive in the direction of progress and development; that it does not study obstacles so much as it studies to be enterprising that it lives wholly by the responsive aid and the earnest spirit of cooperation proffered and shown by the great agricultural community; and that is not an association to further special interests or advance particular aims, but one of comprehensive scope and d voted to the common agricultural progress and prosperity. These two reports formed the substantial portion of what was altogether a meeting to consider a large and varied class of interests, exacting the intelligent industry and labor of a wide population.

The other business of the meeting, including the annual election of Trust es, was transacted in due course, and the result is to be found reported in another column. Perhaps the specially interesting feature of the session was that which involved the discussion of the right and the policy of the Society to select a single agricultural journal for its accredited organ. It is everywhere known, of course, that the *Ploughman* has long and uninterruptedly sustained that responsible relation to the Society. It was thought proper in certain quarters to attempt to effect the rupture of such a relation. Those who ventured it certainly had a right to try the experiment, and, from the manner in which it was done, for the time it appeared to be a successful one. Still, it could not be claimed that anything of real interest to the Society was actually decided, or that it was even passed upon, where only 29 votes were cast on both sides of a motion, in an assembly numbering 300 persons. It took but a brief time for the meeting to comprehend what had thus indifferently been done, and to as quickly undo it. On its attention being called to the real significance of the matter, a sentiment of hostility that was almost electric swept through the meeting, and after a number of earnest speeches a reconsideration prevailed by a vote that was to all intents unanimous.

It was at once decided to continue the existing relations of the Society with the *Ploughman*, and manifestly on a broader and better basis than those who sought to disrupt them intended to make possible. The *Ploughman*, however, cannot thus take note of what passed without a brief, but insufficient, expression of its thanks to the speakers from different States who paid such timely and generous tribute to its past endeavors to serve the Society's interests to the best of its capacity. It will not soon orget the kind words spoken in its favor, and it will never forget to try to deserve them. The whole movement—this is the right place to say it—was directed against the Society itself. What was at first so plausible about it was easily put aside, and then the real motive stood exposed. It was a movement set on foot by the same handful of insurgents who have not hesitated openly to traduce and vilify the Society, and even to go outside of New England for assistance in their virulent assaults; by the very men who have not scrupled to try to stigmatize the Society as an ally with the rum interest during the continuance of its annual exhibitions; by the men who have as good as proclaimed openly, that if they cannot rule the Society they will do what they can to ruin it. The total discomfiture on Tuesday may perhaps be a lesson to warn against such simless rashness in the future. At any rate, it has cleared the atmosphere, and a healthier condition may be expected as the result of the Society's positive and vigorous announcement of its temper and determination.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The death in this city, last Saturday evening, of Wendell Phillips has called out expressions of a widely varied character from all the public journals of the country. He died after having recently completed his seventy-second year, and as the result of a week's very painful illness. His decease creates a vacancy which everybody confesses and feels. His life, up to the outbreak of the civil war, was one of conflict wholly, from the time when, a young man just entered on the practice of the law, he was impelled to make that characteristic speech in Faneuil Hall on the Lovejoy mob which fixed his career with his generation. It was as an orator, assailing slavery with all the weapons in his intellectual armory, that he was known to his fellow men; and his gift of expression was truly marvellous. No man could say what he said as he said it. Inheriting an ample fortune, he took the position at the start for which he was wholly fitted, and until the clash of resounding arms was heard all over the land his eloquent tongue was heard everywhere, arousing the national conscience to a proper sense of the sin which, by guaranteeing it protection, it had made its own.

It was not until the country was at war that he was at peace. His work was then finished. It was all one to him that the grand result did not finally come about in the way he had hoped and expected. He felt that the great task of arousing the national conscience had been accomplished, and for him that was enough. Mr. Phillips was in the truest sense a gentleman. He needed no escutcheon to certify to his claim to that plain but effective distinction. He would never have had to point to his possession of a fortune for proof of the fact that was patent of itself. Educated after thorough methods, he was for that reason all the more real a democrat. If he was at all wanting in sympathy, as it is known between man and man, the lack was more than supplied by his inflamed indignation at the existence of a giant human wrong. He has been called the "silver tongued" orator. So, indeed, were his words silvery, and his voice was musical. But there was far more to his oratory than such transitory qualities and accompaniments as these. It was the outgushing of a heart that beat with the deepest feeling for the wrongs of his fellow men. Had he spoken from his tongue only, he would soon have tired his hearers with his monotony.

His temper was hot when he saw the wrong that defied assault, and his words burned and scorched in the act of utterance. Hence he spoke the truth and something over. He would fain lead in the assault that was to demolish the fabric of our government, because he was impatient of the longer stay of the evil and the sin which it harbored. His example, however, is not to be commended to young aspirants in the public service in this respect. The cooler and more patient and wiser way is in the end more effective, and is altogether better for all sides. Yet Wendell Phillips was born to his own sphere and destiny, and he accepted it as it was given him. It was his part to be an orator, and to employ his rare gift of expression in precisely the manner he did. When in the course of events the theme that inspired his stormy eloquence was no longer a living one, he found his vocation gone and the work of his life accomplished. After that he scattered his thought [illegible] there was none that could weave the mighty spell for him again. In his last years he enjoyed the friendly regard and admiration of his former enemies, who recognized his rare powers even while allowing for his erratic and inconclusive thinking.

The N. E Agricultural Society at Dinner.—After the transaction of its business at the Hall, No. 45 Milk street, on Tuesday, the New England Agricultural Society adjourned in a body to partake of dinner at the Quincy House. Fully two hundred members sat down to the table. There was no formality whatever observed but all was in the strictly social spirit. No speech making followed, that custom having been happily suspended for a freer and more genial exchange of feeling among the members from the different parts of New England, such as they could not enjoy during the business meeting nor while listening to formal speeches. The result was that the new members became acquainted with those of longer standing, and the sinews of the Society were thus more closely knit together. The dinner was enjoyed by all, and will be remembered for its pleasant and profitable associations for a long time. It was a happy wind up to a day full of interest and of especial importance to the Society's future.

The Sawyer Free Library of Gloucester has at length been given a suitable and permanent home by the generous purchase for it, by Samuel E. Sawyer, of the William A. Pew estate, at a cost of $20 000. This valuable property is well known to be superior for the purpose to all others in Gloucester. It is a stanch and strong old mansion, erected by Thomas Saunders, the raising taking place in 1764. Having passed through the hands of a number of owners and occupants, it has now been purchased by Mr. Sawyer and generously given to the uses of the Library for ver. The Library was made free in 1871. Mr. Sawyer at that time contributing a fund of $20,000, the income of which was to be devoted to its support. The directors of the library for this noble deed obtained his consent to have it adopt his name. He afterwards added five thousand dollars to the original gift. The Library has been compelled to move a number of times, on one of which occasions Mr. Sawyer added another $5000 to his other gifts. He has now given it a home, and a worthy one, forever. He is to be envied the satisfaction he must feel for the remainder of his life in contemplating the work of beneficence he has so nobly performed.

Farmers' Meeting.—The New Hampshire Board of Agriculture will hold a meeting next Tuesday, February 12th, at Franklin Falls, N. H., in Burleigh Hall, at 1:30 P. M., to be continued during both afternoon and evening. It is to be a meeting for the consideration of Agricultural topics generally. Several members of the Board, with others will address the meeting. The meeting is free to the general public, and the managers promise that it shall be adapted to the tastes of the village as well as of the surrounding country people. Ladies and young folks are cordially. The farmers of Franklin, Hill, Sanbornton, Andover, and Hill are invited to attend with their families and to take part in the discussion of the subjects to be presented. The promise of a full and interesting meeting is confidently made.

The report of the adjutant-general to Congress on the militia of the several States shows, that there are 86 militia generals in the whole country, 2196 field and staff officers, 4520 company officers, and 81,268 privates, making a total of 88,070 in the organized militia. Of those liable to military service but unorganized, the total is 6,827,921.

The Ways and Means Committee of Congress have practically decided to give hearings on the Morrison reformed tariff bill to representatives of the leading industries of the country. A limited number of hearings will probably be given.

It is proposed to urge upon the Secretary of the Treasury the necessity of securing a thorough inspection of all the cities on the Gulf of Mexico, not only in the West Indies but in South and Central America and Mexico, before the summer season sets in, so as to ascertain their sanitary condition with a view to the protection of the cities of the United States.

The testimonial fund to Lieutenant Rhodes, of the revenue cutter Dexter, collected by the Boston Post, amounts to one dollar over two thousand dollars.

SHEEP AND DOGS.

A Compromise.

It needs no more time to show to the satisfaction of all that, in the issue which is being raised between the thorough going sheep advocates, and the thorough going dog defenders, there can be no agreement whatever; at the very best, it will result in a draw game, if such the struggle may be called. There certainly is some way of arriving at an adjustment in the matter that may be a permanent one. Instead of both parties standing apart and claiming all or nothing, let them try and see how nearly they can approach one another. The great point in any perpendicular difference of views in which the feelings are largely enlisted is to induce the opposing parties to come within speaking distance of one another. The adoption of a spirit of concession will always work marvellous results. In fact, nothing can be done until such a spirit finally prevails. If it cannot be made to do so with the aid of reason, then it generally is left to time, and that is sure to bring about the result, since time invariably mollifies and wears away prejudices, smooths ex asperations and sinks objections out of sight much as the farmer sinks the large boulders left on his mowing lot. Hence we advise the sheep men and the dog men to try and come together on some common ground, instead of seeing how long they can hold apart.

On precisely what basis they can come together it is not for us to say; we urge no more than that they should sincerely make the attempt to do so. If they cannot do it directly, then let them try to do it through such friends and representatives as are ready at hand for them. There are enough sheep men who are lovers of dogs, and enough dog men who are advocates of sheep husbandry, to form a practically homogeneous body on this issue. Now if it be only possible to bring these right and left wings together in council, they cannot fail to prove sufficiently strong both in numbers and influence to control the sentiment of both sides and at length effect a complete and lasting harmonization. The experiment, at any rate, is herewith earnestly commended to them by the *Ploughman*, which has no other interest in the matter than what promises to bring permanent advantage to the farmers. There must be some way of rounding off the sharp corners of this question which are so liable to be thrust into the eyes of both sides—how much better to file them off than to [illegible] something, made some headway, and given a fresh impulse to an agricultural industry that promises to redeem the State from all charges of indefensible indifference in that important direction. The right action, if taken at once by the right men, will suddenly give a wholly new aspect to matters, and relieve the Legislature of a threatened contest that is sure to end in bad blood with no compensating benefit.

Massachusetts Horticultural Society.—At the meeting for discussion to be held Saturday, Feb 9, the subject will be "Peaches and Plums, Cultivation and Varieties, Treatment of their Diseases, by E. W. Wood. The meetings will be held at the Library Room, Horticultural Hall, Tremont Street, Boston, at 11 o'clock. All interested are freely and cordially invited to attend.

The New England Agricultural Society now has a numerical strength of upwards of fifteen hundred members, which is sufficient to embody an influence not to be turned from its true direction by any opposition whatever. The Society is really the crystallization of the agricultural sentiment of New England. It may not comprehend what it might once have been obliged to solicit. No hostile conspiracies or combinations need hope to be able to overcome its steady, straightforward force as an organization; or to swerve it from the high and broad purpose originally proclaimed. So far as hostility has ventured to indulge in any demonstrations, it has met only with failure. The object of the organization is neither offence nor defence, but to do a g od and permanent service for the agriculture of this section. Recent opposition has proved advantageous rather than harmful, by uniting in closer bonds those who had this great object of the Society at heart and arousing in them a fresh resolution to direct its action only according to the chart and compass originally accepted. The Society is a fully established institution in New England, and commands a respect and influence to correspond with its importance.

Parker, Gannett & Wood issue this week their Twenty eighth Annual Illustrated Catalogue of Seeds, Plants, Small Fruits, etc., and it is indeed a choicely attractive publication. It is a complete agricultural and horticultural manual, and its perusal will only serve to make one more thankful that [illegible] delightful work of planting and seed sowing. The warehouses of this enterprising firm are located at 49 North Market street and 46 Merchants Row, Boston. Of this Catalogue they send out all that the early impressions of it enable them to do. Its handsome pages are profusely illustrated, and its lists are of wonderful variety and attractiveness. The special attractions we could not undertake to enumerate. Those who consult its suggestive pages will meet with illustrated novelties in seeds and potatoes; illustrated novelties in plants, with an extremely large descriptive list accompanying; and illustrated novelties in flower seeds, also with a very large and complete list. This firm sends large quantities of seeds by mail, and by express and as railroad freight. The list of imported cements will be especially welcome to the eyes of the increasing number who find occasion to use this most important article. It would be difficult to convey an adequate impression of a Catalogue which contains so many items of interest, so many prolific suggestions, and so many novel attractions. The firm issuing it deals extensively, also, in agricultural and horticultural implements, wooden ware, ice tools, and fertilizers. Its increasing trade has compelled the removal of the seed department to more commodious quarters, perfectly available to customers and connected by telephone with all the accessible parts of New England. The seeds distributed by it are of the best recognized strains, and grown on farms from which this house has the first selection. It makes a point to supply its own seed stock to the growers, and therefore is confident of the purity and potency of its products. The seeds dealt in are grown in New England, and cost less than those from elsewhere. The illustrations of the Catalogue are almost innumerable, and of themselves are enough to make it a most attractive publication for every one, whether interested in planting and sowing or not.

☞ *The Pennsylvania Railroad Company* sends an additional through Pullman Car to Richmond, Charleston, and Aiken, S. C., in order to meet the increasing demand for accommodations to Old Point Comfort and the principal resorts on the Atlantic coast. This new enterprise on the part of the Company went into operation on the 31st ult. Cars leave New York at 9 P. M., and arrive in Richmond at 11:15 A. M., in Charleston, S. C., at 5:50 on the second morning, and in Aiken at 10:40 A. M. of the same day. Returning, they leave Aiken at 5:40 P. M., Charleston at 12:45 night, and Richmond at 6:30 P. M. on second day, arriving in New York at 6:50 A. M. on the following day. At Richmond, connection is made with trains for Old Point Comfort, making an all rail route with this single change. There are likewise other connections made with the train leaving Philadelphia at 7:20 A. M.; and Baltimore and Potomac station, Washington, at 11:05 A. M., passengers being due at Old Point Comfort at 8 P. M. Connection will continue to be made at Baltimore with the Bay Line Route, by the train leaving New York at 3:40 P. M. and Phil. adelphia at 6:01 P. M. L. P. Palmer, 1205 Washington street, Boston, is the New England Passenger Agent.

☞ *The Farm Record and Account Book*, by J. D. Affleck, enlarged on an improved plan from the eighth edition of "The Cotton Plantation Record and Account Book, by Thomas Affleck, is a first class book of its kind, and is arranged for any system of husbandry, for the productions of any climate, and for farms of any extent. It is also provided with numerous forms in which to record every incident, enter every item of income and expenditure connected with the farm. No farmer can see this book without wanting to possess it. It will help make him prosperous, if in the least negligent and unthrifty now. It may be had by addressing W. A Blakeman, Publisher, 10 Exchange Building New Haven, Conn.

☞ *The Grand National Bird Show* will open in Horticultural Hall, Boston, Feb. 27th. Two thousand dollars in cash prizes are offered for all kinds of feathered songsters, talking birds, or any kind of fowl or pigeons of rare breeds, with handsome plumage. The preparations indicate that the Show will be the greatest of the kind ever held in this country. Entries are now received by application to Mr. Frederick Kyle, Horticultural Hall, Boston.

FOREMAN OF A FARM.—See advertisement of Otis Tinkham in another column.

A Wonderful Substance!

The results which are attending the administration by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, of their Vitalized Remedy for Chronic diseases, give new surprises to both patients and physicians every day. Nothing like these results has heretofore been known in the treatment of disease. If you have any ailment about which you are concerned, write to them for info mation about their new Treatment and it will be promptly furnished.

ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Boston, February 5, 1884.

A Large and Enthusiastic Gathering.

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1884.

HON. GEORGE B. LORING, PRESIDENT.

HON. DANIEL NEEDHAM, SECRETARY.

COL. GEORGE W. RIDDLE, TREASURER.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

JOHN HALL, North Berwick, Me.
FREDERICK SMYTHE, Manchester, N. H.
J. D WHEAT, Putney, Vermont.
S. E. PHINNEY, Barnstable, Mass.
WILLIAM E. BARRETT, Providence, R. I.
E. H. HYDE, Stafford, Conn

Phonographically Reported expressly for the Ploughman, by J. M. W. Yerrinton, Esq.

The annual meeting of the New England Agricultural Society was held at the Hal No. 45 Milk St., on Tuesday, February 5th, commencing at 11 o'clock. The attendance was very large from all the New England States, with the exception of Vermont. Among the distinguished gentlemen present were President Loring, the Commissioner of Agriculture, Governor Hale of New Hampshire, Ex-Governors Smyth and Weston of the same State, ex Lieutenant Governor Hyde of Connecticut, and Co'. Needham. The meeting was an exceedingly interesting one, the discussions spirited, and the action of the Society cannot fail to be promotive of the great objects that it has in view.

The meeting was called to order by President Loring, who spoke as follows:

Address of President Loring.

It has been usual for the President of the New England Agricultural Society to introduce the annual meeting by some remarks with regard to the condition of the Society. I have deemed it wise to do so on this occasion, and have reduced my remarks to writing, in order that there may be no mistake about what I have said when the meeting adjourns.

I must begin by congratulating the Association on the manifest interest that has continued in it. I have not had the pleasure of being present at the annual meeting for a long time. It is possible that there may have been meetings as large as this, and perhaps larger, in previous years. If that is the case, I can only say that the vigor and force of the Society still continues, and that I am sure it is determined to do in the future as it has done in the past, the best possible thing for the agriculture of New England. (Applause.)

It is now twenty years since the State Board of Agriculture of Massachusetts adopted a resolution that it was expedient to organize an Agricultural Association of New England States. In response to this resolution this association was organized, and in accordance with the views of those assembled at the meeting at which the call was issued, and the resolution, it has continued its active service in the cause of agriculture from that day to this. The work it has performed is creditable and beneficial. By the addresses of the Governors of the States in which its annual meetings have been held, by the recorded discussions among its members, by the reports and papers that have been read, by the records of agriculture, it has earned an honorable reputation and has secured a success achieved by but few similar associations in our country. The Society has always been honestly conducted. Its treasury is in good condition, its membership is constantly increasing, and it has a long record of independent effort to do what could be done interested in agriculture by liberal rewards.

I wish I could say that the plan adopted at the foundation of the Society, of presenting in formal address the views of the Governors of the States and other distinguished citizens to the community had been continued. The able papers presented by Governor Lincoln, in addition to Gov. Smyth of New Hampshire, and Gov. English of Connecticut, the encouraging speeches of Boutwell and Sherman, the elaborate essays of Gen. Dearborn, and others of the same class, will not be forgotten by those who heard them. And while I recall with pleasure and satisfaction the eloquent speeches, and the thoughtful and deeply instructive addresses of Governor Hall of Maine, and Governor Rice of Massachusetts, delivered before this association at Manchester last year, I still turn to our original plan by which the Governor of the State in which the annual meeting is held, and the Governors of other States would be ready to enter upon a labor with which some of them were unfamiliar, and to present their views upon subjects of which they had not little information; and our thanks are due to those who have given us their influence and counsel in this form.

The policy which this Society adopted at its foundation of cooperating with the local associations in New England in the conduct of its annual exhibitions has proved to be a source of success and a salutary influence, but it has given it unusual vigor and the long and useful career of which its members have a right to be proud. Keeping clear of these complications of interest, so many prolific suggestions, and so many novel attractions. The firm issuing it deals extens vely, also, in agricultural and horticultural implements, wooden ware, ice tools, and fertilizers. Its increasing trade has compelled the removal of the seed department to more commodious quarters, perfectly available to customers and connected by telephone with all the accessible parts of New England. The seeds distributed by it are of the best recognized strains, and grown on farms from which this house has the first selection. It makes a point to supply its own seed stock to the growers, and therefore is confident of the purity and potency of its products. The seeds dealt in are grown in New England, and cost less than those from elsewhere. The illustrations of the Catalogue are almost innumerable, and of themselves are enough to make it a most attractive publication for every one, whether interested in planting and sowing or not.

☞ *The Pennsylvania Railroad Company* sends an additional through Pullman Car to Richmond, Charleston, and Aiken, S. C., in order to meet the increasing demand for accommodations to Old Point Comfort and the principal resorts on the Atlantic coast. This new enterprise on the part of the Company went into operation on the 31st ult. Cars leave New York at 9 P. M., and arrive in Richmond at 11:15 A. M., in Charleston, S. C., at 5:50 on the second morning, and in Aiken at 10:40 A. M. of the same day. Returning, they leave Aiken at 5:40 P. M., Charleston at 12:45 night, and Richmond at 6:30 P. M. on second day, arriving in New York at 6:50 A. M. on the following day. At Richmond, connection is made with trains for Old Point Comfort, making an all rail route with this single change. There are likewise other connections made with the train leaving Philadelphia at 7:20 A. M.; and Baltimore and Potomac station, Washington, at 11:05 A. M., passengers being due at Old Point Comfort at 8 P. M. Connection will continue to be made at Baltimore with the Bay Line Route, by the train leaving New York at 3:40 P. M. and Phil. adelphia at 6:01 P. M. L. P. Palmer, 1205 Washington street, Boston, is the New England Passenger Agent.

☞ *The Farm Record and Account Book*, by J. D. Affleck, enlarged on an improved plan from the eighth edition of "The Cotton Plantation Record and Account Book, by Thomas Affleck, is a first class book of its kind, and is arranged for any system of husbandry, for the productions of any climate, and for farms of any extent. It is also provided with numerous forms in which to record every incident, enter every item of income and expenditure connected with the farm. No farmer can see this book without wanting to possess it. It will help make him prosperous, if in the least negligent and unthrifty now. It may be had by addressing W. A Blakeman, Publisher, 10 Exchange Building New Haven, Conn.

☞ *The Grand National Bird Show* will open in Horticultural Hall, Boston, Feb. 27th. Two thousand dollars in cash prizes are offered for all kinds of feathered songsters, talking birds, or any kind of fowl or pigeons of rare breeds, with handsome plumage. The preparations indicate that the Show will be the greatest of the kind ever held in this country. Entries are now received by application to Mr. Frederick Kyle, Horticultural Hall, Boston.

FOREMAN OF A FARM.—See advertisement of Otis Tinkham in another column.

A Wonderful Substance!

The results which are attending the administration by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, of their Vitalized Remedy for Chronic diseases, give new surprises to both patients and physicians every day. Nothing like these results has heretofore been known in the treatment of disease. If you have any ailment about which you are concerned, write to them for info mation about their new Treatment and it will be promptly furnished.

Paid Daniel Needham for bill of T. C. Evans for printing annual meeting, 1883 ..... 22 80

Paid Daniel Needham by vote of trustees for meeting held in Boston June 9 for extra services as Sec etary 100.00

Paid George W Riddle, by vote of trustees, for services, 1883 ..... 100 00

Paid Mr. Yerrinton bill for reporting 50.00

Paid Forbes Lithograph Company for printing 16.50

Paid Mr. Yerrinton for reporting 77.00

Paid for telegraphs, stationary, postage, express 89.73

Paid T. C. Evans for advertising annual meeting, 1884 ..... 28.00

Balance on hand $833 58

(Applause.) "February 4, 1884. Audited and approved by Frederick Smith, E. H. Hyde, William E. Barrett, John H. ll, Daniel Needham and S. B. Phinney."

The report of the Treasurer was accepted and adopted.

The Nominating Committee.

Maj. PHINNEY. For the further organization of the mee ing, I would move that the Chair appoint a committee of three from each of the New England States to report a list of names to fill the four vacancies that occur in the trustees from each of the New England States, and that they retire and report to this meeting such list for the acceptance of the Society.

The PRESIDENT. I understand that there are four vacancies on the Board of Trustees from each State, and Maj. Phinney moves that the Chair appoint a committee of three from each of the New England States to present names to fill the va ancies.

This motion was carried, and the Chair appointed the following gentlemen as the committee:

Maine—Moses H. Hussey, Fral Atwood, John Hall

New Hampshire—John B. Clarke, T. H. Goodell, T. G. Jameson.

Massachusetts—S. B. Phinney, O. B. Hadwen, John Johnson.

Rhode Island—William E. Barrett, Obadiah Brown, William E. Hopkins.

Connecticut—Alexander Warner, E. H. Hyde, Benjamin Sumner.

Vermont appearing not to be represented, the Secretary stated that he had received a letter from Mr. Wiest in which he expressed great regret that he should not be able to be present at the meeting, and he inferred from the letter that the State would be satisfied with their present Trustees.

The Dinner.

Mr. WARREN BROWN, of New Hampshire. I have a matter of a good deal of importance that I would like to bring before the meeting at some time, and perhaps it might as well be done at the present time as any more than a resource be authorised to provide a dinner for all the members present. Carried.

Ex-Gov. Head.

Mr. BROWN. I have some resolutions which I would like to offer at this time:

Resolved, That the death of Ex-Gov. Head of New Hampshire, has made a vacancy in our number we deeply lament and vainly seek to fill. In the organization of the New England Agricultural Society, he was a par and by his interest not only in the work of the Society but in agriculture generally, gave courage to us and a help in the formation

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall-st., N. Y. nov-s91

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston *Globe*.]

Messrs. Editors:—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is publicly devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a noble charity, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of sickness or pain, all relieved from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Fluid Discharges, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail, in the form of pills or of lozenges, on receipt of $1, per box or package, either of pills or lozenges. Letters for advice should be addressed as above. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health and Etiquette" will be sent to any lady sending 2c. stamp. Mention this paper.

Sold by all druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

Trust Nothing Else

than AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Numerous crude mixtures are offered to the public as "blood purifiers," which only allure the patient with the pretense of many cheap doses, and with which it is folly to experiment while disease is steadily becoming more deep-seated and difficult of cure. Some of these mixtures do much lasting harm. Bear in mind that the only medicine that can radically purify the vitiated blood is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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Sold by all druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only remedy that can be relied upon, in all cases, to eradicate the taint of hereditary disease and the special corruptions of the blood. It is the only alterative that is sufficiently powerful to thoroughly cleanse the system of **Scrofulous** and **Mercurial** impurities and the pollution of **Contagious Diseases.** It also neutralizes the poisons left by **Diphtheria** and **Scarlet Fever,** and enables rapid reconstruction after the prostrement and debility caused by these diseases.

Myriads of Cures

Achieved by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, in the past forty years, are attested, and there is no blood disease, at all possible of cure, that will not yield to it. Whatever the ailments of this class, and wherever found, from the scurvy of the Arctic circle to the "eyelid-sores" of South Africa, this remedy has afforded health to the sufferers by whom it was employed. Druggists everywhere can cite numerous cases, within their personal knowledge, of remarkable cures wrought by it, where all other treatment had been unavailing. People will do well to

Trust Nothing Else

than AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Numerous crude mixtures are offered to the public as "blood purifiers," which only allure the patient with the pretense of many cheap doses, and with which it is folly to experiment while disease is steadily becoming more deep-seated and difficult of cure. Some of these mixtures do much lasting harm. Bear in mind that the only medicine that can radically purify the vitiated blood is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

READ AND RUN.

— The Hamburg-American Packet Company has offered to bring the bodies of Commander DeLong and his companions home to this country free of charge, and the offer has been accepted with thanks by the Secretary of the Navy.

— Turkey feels well inclined in respect to a commercial treaty with the United States, and has so expressed herself of late to Minister Wallace.

— Secretary Chandler is having a little difficulty with the civil service commission. He asked for $900 and a $1200 clerk. The commission sent him four names from which to choose. He sent them back, saying they were not up to the standard. Four more names were sent him, and he again refused to accept the candidates. That is the way the matter stands between him and the commission, out of which has come so much talk.

— Wendell Phillips died after not much more than a week's illness, on Saturday evening last, at his house on Common street. His last illness was a painful one.

— The Hon. John B. Finch delivered his last address on temperance in Massachusetts in Tremont Temple, in Boston, last Sunday afternoon.

— Alcohol is discovered to be an effectual cure for trichinosis, such a case having recently been cured by its operation in Valencia, in eighteen days.

— The Empress Augusta, of Germany, confers a golden cross, with an autograph diploma, on all female servants in Prussia and Alsace-Lorraine who have remained for forty years without interruption in the same family. No fewer than 1027 such servants have received this imperial testimony in the last seven years. Were such a distinction and reward of domestic merit to be established in this country, we fear it would have to change the forty years' term to one of forty days.

— It becomes more and more obvious that the Turk means to help himself before helping anybody else. He will never join any European alliance, and will never change any of his old habits. The German officials and diplomats will labor with him all in vain. They may expect to meet only with the usual Turkish indifference.

— The Italians have cherished the project of draining the Campagna for a long time, and particularly since Rome became the capital of United Italy. The attempt is now about to be made on a grand scale. A certain amount of drainage is made compulsory on the different landowners, and no less than eighty irrigation companies under government control have been set on foot to reclaim the waste of centuries.

— The Bear in the engine of the steamer purchased in Nova Scotia by our Government, to be employed in the Greely relief expedition, and it is expected to arrive in Boston harbor this week.

— Lynn now has four national banks, and wants a fifth.

— Queen Victoria will go to Baden Baden next month to witness the marriage of her granddaughter, Princess Victoria of Hesse.

— Ten mills shut down work in Fall River on Monday morning, on account of the combined strike of the operatives.

— M. Rouher, the ablest champion of the Second Empire in France, is dead. He was one of the ablest of French statesmen, and had reached the age of seventy years.

— The widow of the late Gen. John A. Dix died in New York last Sunday.

— The Massachusetts Humane Society has made awards to the men who did such heroic service at the time of the wreck of the City of Columbus off Gay Head.

— In spite of all her losses, which were believed to have practically wrecked the fortunes of the State, South Carolina last year derived from agriculture, manufactures, and mining $22,000,000 more than in 1860. The marked advance in the agriculture of the State is ascribed to the labors of the white population. The number of immigrants in the State is insignificant.

— A number of English capitalists are said to have invested very largely of late in Manitoba lands.

— The Mexican Central Railroad will be completed to the United States by the middle of next month, and be open to through traffic by the first week in April.

— There were 173 deaths in Boston last week.

— Thousands of cotton spinners are on a strike against an ordered reduction of wages, in Fall River.

— The Morrison tariff bill proposes an average reduction of twenty per cent. in the tariff, but not affecting articles of luxuries.

— The numerous clubs of Boston are doing a first class social business during the present season.

— Four thousand tickets are to be sold, if possible for the "Kettle-drum" in aid of the Soldiers' Home in this city. Almost three thousand have already been sold.

— Joseph Cook began a fresh series of Monday lectures in Boston, this week.

— The convention of fish and game associations took place at the Parker House, in this city, on Thursday afternoon, a dinner accompanying.

— The bill for the relief and restoration of Fitz John Porter passed the house of Representatives at last by a vote of 184 to 78.

— According to the British Medical Journal, the Irish are a fertile race abroad, but are not so on their own soil.

— M. de Lesseps is candidate for a vacant chair in the French Academy.

— Mayor Martin of Boston has now been married just twenty-five years, if that is anybody's business.

— The United States annually consumes nearly half of all the quinine that is manufactured.

— The jury in the somewhat famous Fenardent-Crcsnola case, in New York, finally disagreed on a verdict.

— Beauregard's book on the war is altogether likely to come under review by Jefferson Davis, before it has gone far.

— A monument, to cost $60,000, is soon to be erected to the memory of Francis Barton Key, the author of "The Star Spangled Banner," funds for that purpose having been secured from the will of the California millionaire, James Lick.

— Edwin Booth will appear at the Globe Theatre in Boston from February 18th, to March 1st, giving five personations of Hamlet, with the rest.

— One of the great charms of Wendell Phillips's oratory was his marvellously musical voice.

— As a local contemporary well observes, something is needed individually to lift our politics above the dead levels of vulgar selfishness, dull mediocrity, and safe conformity.

— Colt's Armory at Hartford, Conn., has cut down wages ten per cent. two, along with so many other manufactories.

— There are ten incorporated cities in Connecticut, one of which has less than 4000 inhabitants.

— Abbott, the defaulting Watertown cashier, is believed to have gone to Canada, in company with one Hughes, of the same place.

— A Boston firm that has ticketed all its bargains in yellow tags, announces as a piece of news that the craze is now for yellow instead of red.

— The annual meeting, reunion, and dinner of the Massachusetts Press Association took place at the Revere House, in Boston, on Tuesday of the current week.

— Over $11,000 duties on baggage of passengers arriving at this port were collected last year.

— An organized opposition to the lottery system in vogue at the fairs held for charitable purposes exists in Salem. Council has been retained, and it is the intention to see that the statutes covering the matter are henceforward rigidly enforced.

— Extensive socialist conspiracies are reported to have been discovered in Austria.

— The British government is now fully alive to its responsibility in Egypt.

— The Greek consul at this port has, it is said, had an injunction served on the will of the late Prof. Sophocles of Harvard University, till his kin in Greece can be heard from.

The British Parliament assembled on Tuesday, the speech of the Queen being read by royal commission. It appears that the Government has no idea of employing troops in the Soudan, but does not object to Turkey's doing so, she paying her own expenses.

A meeting of the New England Ship owners' Association was held in Merchants' Exchange Building, in this city, on Tuesday, at which resolutions in favor of the Dingley Bill now before Congress were adopted, after an interesting and instructive discussion.

Some five hundred delegates were present at the Mississippi River convention in Washington, on Tuesday. The purpose is manifestly to make an impression on Congress.

The Ohio River has been rising at Cincinnati and other points, compelling the entire suspension of business in the lower portion of the city.

The produce dealers of Boston have this week passed a resolution in favor of the modification of the laws regulating the sale of dressed poultry.

☞ Have you Heart Disease in any form? If so use Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator; 30 years have proved it a sure remedy for organic or sympathetic Heart Disease. $1 per bottle at druggists. jan2-3t

What is Special Manuring?

IT IS MANURING WITH BRAINS!

Special Manuring is not merely the feeding of plants those elements found by analysis to enter into their composition, and which they do not obtain from the soil or air in sufficient quantity; but also embraces the *form* in which these elements should be applied to each crop, or class of crops. For example: the element NITROGEN (AMMONIA) is found in Sulphate Ammonia, Nitrate of Soda, Blood, Meat, Fish and various other materials. This element (Nitrogen) is the same in each material, but experience has shown that its agricultural value is much greater in one material than in another, and that the *form* which may be best adapted to certain crops may not be profitable to apply to other crops. The same holds true, in a less degree, of the other elements of a Fertiliser. Special Manuring, then, is the *intelligent selection* and proper compounding of those materials which will produce the *Largest Crops* of the *Best Quality* and with the *Greatest Economy.* It is manuring with brains. The above principles are recognized in the manufacture of the *Stockbridge Special Manure*, and it is to this careful selection of materials that much of their great success is due. For a further discussion see pamphlet, mailed free, or ask our local agent for one.

BOWKER FERTILIZER CO.,

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THE KEMP

Manure Spreader

Will spread any and all kinds of manure found on the farm, in all conditions, whether wet, dry, heavy, light or strawy, including ashes.

Its lightness, simplicity, and fine pulverization, two loads applied with the Spreader are equal to three put on by hand, as the crop will bear testimony.

IT IS REGULATED TO SPREAD DIFFERENT AMOUNTS PER ACRE.

It does the work of ten men and better work than is possible to do by hand.

It hurries along the spring's work and enables the farmer to spread his manure at exactly the right time, and to do with less help.

It increases the crops. Fields where the Spreader is used are distinguished from all others by the quality of their crops. It benefits the small farmer as well as the large farmer, for it will make the small manure pile go a great ways further.

Do not delay getting a **KEMP SPREADER**, it will save you money every year.

MANUFACTURED BY

THE RICHARDSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

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FOR A SUCCESSION THE ENTIRE SEASON PLANT AMERICAN BELLE ABUNDANCE GLISTENING BEARING PEAS

Pea, Bliss' Abundance.—60 pods counted on a single plant. Very productive, 25 to 28 inches high. Second Early. Excellent quality. 25 cents per packet; 4 packets, $1.00.

Pea, Bliss' Ever-bearing.—A perpetual bearer, yielding a full crop until frost; an excellent late variety, 28 to 32 inches high. Pods, 3 1-2 inches in circumference. Very productive. 25c. per pkt.; 5 pkts., $1.00.

Pea, Bliss' American Wonder.—The best and earliest variety grown. Very dwarf, excellent flavor. 20 cents per packet; 25 cents per pint; 75 cents per quart.

Pea, Bliss' Telephone.—Many varieties will strive Peas the entire season until frost. Requires no brushing. Spanish Mountain Pepper, large, sweet, red; Hollow Crown Parsnip, Improved Orange Carrot, both; Purple Top Munich Turnip, earliest, handsome, and Livingston's New Forcing Lettuce. Above 15 kinds of packets as specified, for 25c., or the 15 kinds in one large collection by mail, postpaid, to any address for ONLY 50 CENTS IN STAMPS, or 5 collections for $2.

Cauliflower, Sea Foam.—The best cutting and most productive. Plants, 50 cents per pack.; 5 packets, $1.00.

Wild Garden Seeds.—A mixture of 50 varieties of Flower Seeds. A packet will plant a square rod of ground. 25 cents per packet; 5 packets, $1.00. For other Novelties, see **Bliss' Illustrated Novelty List,** which describes the newest and choicest Flowers, Vegetables, Fruits, Cereals, Plants, etc. Mailed free.

Bliss' Hand-Book for Farm and Garden. 220 Pages, 300 Illustrations. *Beautiful colored plate.* It tells WHAT, WHEN, and HOW to plant, and is invaluable to all interested in gardening or farming. Mailed for 50 Cents.

B. K. BLISS & SONS, 34 Barclay Street, New-York.

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THE GREAT MUSICAL WONDER!

A MUSIC BOX made entirely of metal, finely silver-plated, and finished with great care; size of a watch. When wound plays one of the following tunes: "Annie Rooney," "Home, Sweet Home," "Auld Lang Syne," "Scotland," "Home, Sweet Home," "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," "Star Spangled Banner," "Old Folks at Home," "Nearer, My God, to Thee." We intend all our Music Boxes to be correct. They are a pleasure to any household, for both old and young. Sent by mail, postpaid for 30c. or 1 two-cent stamps. Four for $1.00, post-paid. Address

HOME MFG. CO., P. O. Box 1916, Boston, Mass.

feb9-2t

SIBLEY'S TESTED SEEDS

Are Specially Grown for all Climates, all Soils, all Plants.

They have won their way by merit alone, to thousands of gardens and farms in every State and Territory. The best farmers and gardeners in all sections attest their great excellence and adaptability to various soils and climates. Every sack of our seeds is carefully tested for vitality and purity, before being offered for sale. Every variety is tested in our Trial Grounds, in different States, HIRAM SIBLEY & CO. ROCHESTER, N.Y., and CHICAGO ILL.

Seeds

for purity and value for the various sections. Our Catalogue and Price List of all the new and standard tested varieties of vegetable, flower and field seeds, is sent free on application. Mail orders promptly filled, thus virtually bringing our Seed Stores to your own door. Reduced rates to clubs. Send for the Catalogue.

feb9 2teow

BURPEE'S MAMMOTH IRONCLAD WATERMELON

As the introducers of the new celebrated Cuban Queen, we bring before the public for the first time, an entirely distinct and most valuable Watermelon. **BURPEE'S MAMMOTH IRONCLAD** has such decided points of superiority that it will speedily become a popular favorite with all lovers of fine melons, while for market it is unequaled. The shape is the most perfect; skin handsomely striped, dark beautiful, dainty red, more crystalline than any other melon; most delicious, rich, sugary flavor; flesh never mealy, always firm, remarkably solid. Burpee's Mammoth Ironclad grows symmetrically to a larger size than any other variety known. Our stock was saved from one of the few seed-bearing melons weighing from 60 to 70 lbs. each, and the entire crop, averaged 50 lbs. Vigorous growth, matures early, and is the most productive variety known. Medium sized melons are truly *Ironclad*, and have even been dropped from the shoulder of a man without bursting. The handsomest melon in the market. Packet, 25c.; 3 packets, $1.00. Burpee's Golden Heart Lettuce. Entirely new; most attractive, unusual form, beautiful green, yellow heart, and remainder of superb quality for weeks during hottest weather. Packet, 25c.; 3 packets, $1.00.

A REMARKABLE OFFER! On receipt of 40 cents we will send one each of the two rare novelties above named, also one packet each of Burpee's Perfected Cross Bred Sweet Corn, Burpee's Mammoth Melon, Burpee's Stampless Cabbage, cartlet, Burpee's Bantam Sweet Corn, Burpee's Spanish Mountain Pepper, large, sweet, red; Hollow Crown Parsnip, Improved Orange Carrot, both; Purple Top Munich Turnip, earliest, handsome, and Livingston's New Forcing Lettuce. Above 15 kinds of packets as specified, for 25c., or the 15 kinds in one large collection by mail, postpaid, to any address for ONLY 50 CENTS IN STAMPS, or 5 collections for $2.

FOR ONE DOLLAR we will send one each of the following: **Canadian Wonder Bean,** dwarf, delicious flavor as string beans; **Burpee's Bantam Sweet Corn,** one week earlier; **Telegraph Pea,** immense pods, fine quality; **Burpee's Mammoth Pea,** largest known; **Peerless White Spine Cucumber,** never burpee; **Imperial Dwarf Large Ribbed Celery,** best; **Burpee's Mammoth Wax Pole Bean,** stringless; **Burpee's New No. 3 Cabbage,** finest and earliest; **Yellow Globe Onion,** unsurpassed for summer. **Salsify, long white; Spinach, new thick-leaved round, and Brussels Sprouts.** Regular value of the 15 packets, $1.50.

☞ The 50 VARIETIES new and choice Seeds, as named above, amount to **$8.75 ACTUAL VALUE,** but to introduce them we offer the 50 varieties, with our Illustrated Catalogue, for only $3.00. Catalogue (in all its editions) 25 cents. All full-sized packets, with illustrations and full directions for culture printed on each. All are **ORIGINAL TYPES** and not mere duplicates of this year's novelties at a fraction of the price. Burpee's Seeds are the best that can be grown, and are sold by the pound, ounce, packet and in bulk at less than half usual price. **BURPEE'S SEEDS** are warranted first-class in every respect, and to reach customers in the best possible condition for planting and growing. Burpee's Seeds are sold by over 10,000 dealers throughout the world. If you cannot conveniently procure them of your dealer, they will be mailed **FREE** by us. Our Illustrated Catalogue for 1884 is a complete guide to the culture of the best Vegetables and Flowers, and contains many engravings from Burpee's Seeds. Compositors employed on the leading agricultural papers use our Catalogue for purchases. Do not fail to see it before ordering elsewhere. Many thousands have ordered from the first advertisement to your friends and get them to send with you. It contains 100 pages of information, and will be sent free to all who apply. If you cannot procure Burpee's Seeds of your dealer, send 10 cents for a sample package of any 10c. variety, with our Catalogue and a coupon entitling you to a package of seeds free. Sample packages of Burpee's Seeds, 10 cents each, 5 for 40 cents, 12 for $1.00, post-paid. Catalogue free. Address

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO. PHILADELPHIA, PA. Warehouses, No. 475 and 477 N. 5th St., & 476 and 478 York Ave.

jan26-eow4t

HONEY BEES.

The New System of Bee-Keeping.

Every one who has a Farm or Garden can keep Bees on my plan with good Profit. I have invented a Hive and System of Bee Management, which completely changes the whole process of Bee-keeping, and renders the business pleasant and profitable. I have received Hundreds Dollars Profit, from sale of Box Honey from One Hive of Bees in one year. *Illustrated Circular of Full Particulars Free.* Address

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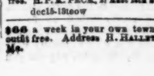

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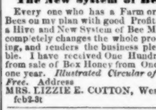

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If you are troubled with cold hands and feet, attended with faintness, giddiness, and flashes of heat, and nothing seems to do you much good, and you are rather despondent, you have indigestion or dyspepsia. My Perfection Pills will cure you. They are the result of *actual experience*, having been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for years.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, *or by mail* for 25 cents, with my Treatise, giving causes, symptoms and treatment for the cure of Indigestion and Dyspepsia. JOHN H. McCAY & CO., Lowell, Mass. Fourteen years Tax Collector. jly7-y

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THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

ITS TRADITIONS AND THOSE OF THE MARTHA'S VIN

The Poet's Corner.

WENDELL PHILLIPS DEAD.

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

What shall we mourn? For the prostrate tree
that sheltered the young green wood?
For the fallen cliff that fronted the sea, and
guarded the fields from the flood?
For the eagle that died in the tempest, afar from
its eyrie's brood?

Nay, not for these shall we weep; for the silver
cord must be worn,
And the golden fillet shrink back at last, and the
dust to its earth return;
And tears are never for those who die with their
face to the duty done;
But we mourn for the fledglings left on the waste,
and the fields where the wild waves run.

From the midst of the flock he defended the
brave one has gone to his rest;
And the tears of the poor he befriended their
wealth of affection attest.
From the midst of the people is stricken a sym-
bol they daily saw,
Set over against the law books, of a Higher than
Human Law;
For his life was a ceaseless protest, and his voice
was a prophet's cry
To be true to the Truth and faithful, though the
world were arrayed for the Lie.

From the hearing of those who hated, the
threatening voice has past;
But the lives of those who believe to the death
are not blown like a leaf on the blast.
A sower of infinite seed was he, a woodman that
hewed to the light,
Who dared to be traitor to Union when the
Union was traitor to Right!

"Fanatic!" the insects hissed, till he taught them
to understand
That the highest crime may be written in the
highest law of the land.
"Disturber" and "Dreamer" the Philistines cried
when he preached an ideal creed,
Till they learned that the men who have changed
the world with the world have disagreed;
That the remnant is right, when the masses are
led like sheep to the pen;
For the instinct of equity slumbers till roused by
instinctive men.

It is not enough to win rights from a King and
write them down in a book:
New men, new lights; and the code of the
fathers the sons may never brook.
What is liberty now were license then; their
freedom our yoke would be;
And each new decade must have new men to de-
termine its liberty.
Mankind is a marching army, with a broadening
front the while:
Shall it crowd its bulk on the farm-paths, or
clear to the outward file?
Its pioneers are those dreamers who heed neither
tongue nor pen
Of the human spiders whose silk is wove from
the lives of toiling men.

Come, brothers, here to the burial! But weep
not, rather rejoice,
For his fearless life and his fearless death; for
his true unequalled voice,
Like a silver trumpet sounding the note of
human right;
For his brave heart always ready to enter the
weak one's fight;
For his soul unmoved by the mob's wild shout
or the social sneer's disgrace;
For his freeborn spirit that drew no line between
class and creed and race.

Come, workers; here was a teacher, and the les-
son he taught was good:
There are no classes or races, but one human
brotherhood;
There are no creeds to be hated, no colors of
skin detested;
Mankind is one in its rights and wrongs—one
right, one hope, one guard;
The right to be free, and the hope to be just, and
the guard against selfish greed,
By his life he taught, by his death we learn the
great reformer's creed;
And the unseen chaplet is brightest and best
which the toil-worn hands lay down
On his coffin, with grief, love, honor—their sob,
their kiss, and their crown.

Ladies' Department.

THE CYCLONE.

A Matter-of fact Narrative from Minnesota.

(Springfield Republican.)

'And so we are going to be married next week, grandma.'

'The Lord willing, Martha.'

'And I am going to teaching in my old room, right near home; it will be so handy. I saw Prof. Gage to-day, and he says that is where I am to go. He is always kind and tries to accommodate us, and Lewis will go right on at the depot of course,—you know he's day operator now. There couldn't be anything nicer for us, both of us so near our work; and our house is not a bit too far to walk. You ought to go and see it again, grandma, now the carpets are down and everything ready. I haven't taken the dishes and bedding and such things there, because they might be stolen, you know. But you'll some and see us the first thing won't you, grandma?—and I haven't told you that father is going to get me a full set of china,—I can paint it myself,—and mother has bought such table linen and the prettiest chair you ever saw. But you'll see them all when you come to the wedding, for we are going to be married next week.'

'If nothing happens to prevent, I hope you will, dear, and be happy.'

'Prevent, what could prevent, grandma? Don't you begin to worry over anything. You don't think Lewis and I will quarrel now, do you?'

'No; oh, no! I should hope not, but this is such an uncertain world, Martha. I've been sitting here, thinking over things when I was young, but I don't want to cloud your happiness, that is not my way, Martha.'

'Of course not, but nothing will happen; be sure you come to the wedding next week.'

And Martha kissed her grandmother on both cheeks and laughing ran down the walk to the gate. 'I'll take one more look at our house,' she said to herself, as she walked along; the pleasant street, thinking happy thoughts and tapping her little hand-satchel with the door-key.

'Exactly as it should be from bottom to top,' she said as she came out after a tour of inspection. 'Those curtains are just the thing, I am glad I thought of that color.'

She looked the door and walked slowly along toward the house of an uncle where she had been staying for a few weeks while putting her house in order. The first part of her vacation she had spent at her father's in the country, a few miles away. The part of the town where she was walking was composed mostly of small houses, built by people of moderate means, but they were neat and homelike and many had pretty gardens and shade trees about them. When she had gone a short distance she turned and walked back toward the main street where were larger houses and more shade trees. She had gone but a short distance when a young man walked up beside her.

'Out for a walk, are you? May I have the pleasure of accompanying you Miss Snow?'

'You startled me,' she said laughing 'how funny it seems to think you ever called me Miss Snow, Lewis! Have you been following me? I didn't hear you, I was thinking.'

'Strange, now was I in those thoughts, may I ask?'

'No, sir; not a bit, I was thinking I'd hem the napkins in that gave me when I went home, but it is too pretty out here to go into the house just yet. I think this is a beautiful street, so many trees. We had better put a few more around our house, Lewis.'

'Our house, that sounds well,—doesn't it? We'll see about the shade trees, but I'm going up here to see Mr. Morris. You stroll along, I'll be back in a minute.'

Martha walked on, looking at the comfortable brick houses set in among the trees with their green lawns stretching out to the street where there were more trees, a green row up each side.

A little girl ran up beside her. 'O, Miss Snow,' she cried out, 'when does school begin?'

'In two weeks, Lena.'

'Does it? well, I hope you'll be my teacher and I'll go to the new school house again; my folks moved, so maybe I won't. I came up here to see Kitty Dean to day, and now I am going home. Kitty's a nice girl if her pa is rich.'

Miss Snow laughed and the child ran on.

'Now Lewis,' she said, as the young man rejoined her, 'we'll go back to the post office and mail some letters I have and then go to see our house. It is very pretty here but it looks better there to me. I went all over the house just a little while ago but I want you to see it now the carpets are all down.'

'I'm your most obedient servant—'

'For the present, no doubt;—by and by—but I'll see about it then, sir!'

'There, look straight ahead of us down to that corner by the post office, that is Russia —St. Petersburg.'

'St. what?'

'Those flat topped, red brick buildings and the streets all at right angles, doesn't it look like St. Petersburg?'

'Never having been in that locality, madam, I can't say. It never struck me that way, it all comes of your being a school ma'am and dealing in 'furrin parts' with those youngsters. Or,' feigning deep meditation, 'Russia couldn't have been suggested by the mention of me, could it?—and our future relations. Russia has rather a,—well, to put it lightly, rather a decided system of government, I believe.'

Miss Snow laughed again. 'You do say such ridiculous things, Lewis! Now those letters are mailed let us go to our house.'

'I'm agreed; come on then, we'll go to view our future prison. I have so much more to help make it comfortable,' slyly showing a roll of bills. 'I was too late for the bank and we were paid to day.'

They were walking rapidly back toward their own little home. They had nearly reached it when the young man stopped suddenly and cried in a startled voice, 'Hark, what is that?'

There was a roaring rushing sound, a black, funnel shaped cloud whirling toward them, grinding everything before it, and whirling on and on toward the still awful calm which was around them.

'The key, the key,' he cried seizing her arm and running toward the house; 'we'll go to the cellar and—'

There was a sensation as if the earth had suddenly spun away and left them. Bricks, pieces of board, broken chairs, a window, everything, anything, all things, went whirling by them. Clouds of dust enveloped them. A piece of board broke Lewis Morgan's finger, another cut an ugly gash across his forhead, but still he clung to the woman whirling with him in this mad dance of death. Her hat was gone, her face was covered with dust and blood from she knew not where and did not try to think. A brick hit her back, a shower of bricks and boards hit her arms and head, her whole body,—so that it seemed like one blow. A heavy timber struck the young man's arms. He could not hold on any longer with that hand. Another flying something struck the young woman and she fell away from him some way, while he went whirling on and on among the bricks and boards and dust and broken furniture.

She went around and around with it as the timbers did, and the stones and chairs and windows; then she lay still on the ground and the whirling cloud moved on. The young man went on with it. He put out his hand once, the one he could use,—and caught at the limbs of a tree that came all about him suddenly; but he could not hold them.

When they found him sometime afterwards, lying insensible among the oaks at the edge of the town, they knew he had been carried up among their tops, for on one of the highest limbs was the sleeve of his shirt. His coat was gone long before he got there.

The first thing Martha Snow saw when she opened her eyes was a woman with some bloody towels over her arm stopping near her to look at a dead baby. The next was a doctor in his shirt sleeves wiping his bloody instruments and telling a man what to do with the leg he had just amputated from a boy near them.

Martha Snow opened her eyes wide with horror, and tried to raise herself up, but she felt so sore and stiff she could only groan.

'There, there,' said the woman, turning away from the baby to look at her, 'lie still; and she re-arranged the coat that was doing duty as a pillow.

'Do you want anything? shall I get you some water?' she asked gently.

'What is it? what does it mean? where am I?' asked the horror stricken young woman.

'It's the cyclone, you know,' said the other; 'you are in here with the wounded because there hasn't been time—'

A doctor called her to come and she moved away quickly.

The cyclone,—she rubbed her head in bewilderment and tried to remember. She had been—where? down on that broad street with the trees—when was it—and Lewis, oh, where was Lewis?

She wanted to ask but no one was near. She raised herself on her elbow after several very painful attempts and looked around. The room was dimly lighted with lamps and lanterns and men and women were passing and repassing with bottles and bandages and towels.

Over beyond her corner she could hear a child's voice calling 'Mother, mother, mother!' It was little Lena, whom she had seen —when? she had no idea how long ago. On the other side was a dead woman, little Lena's mother, and beside her another,—her own grandmother. She lay back with another groan.

She could not look further then, whom might she see next? what if it should be Lewis? She shuddered, but raised herself up again slowly and painfully, she must look she could not bear this suspense. Her eyes fell on the baby, so near her and yet she had not seen—it was Mary, her pet.

Were they all dead?

Some one called to her from across the room.

'Is that you, Martha?'

'O, uncle, what is it, is everybody killed?'

'Your aunt and the baby, and they say I stand a chance to go, and all the children are hurt more or less.'

That a sound of horror in his voice, and yet he did not cry out.

She did not either, she did not even answer, but after a little she asked and her lips were white when she said it, 'Is Lewis here?'

'I don't know, I haven't seen him. Are you hurt much?'

'I think not, I don't know;' and she sat resting her head on her elbow and trying to comprehend what all this meant. Her grandmother, aunt and the baby killed, perhaps her uncle would die, too, and the six children all hurt, and Lewis was gone, perhaps he was killed.

She wondered in a vague way why she did not cry.

People were groaning all about, the lights flared as the door opened and shut, men and women were coming and going, taking care of the wounded, looking for friends, or bringing clothes and bedding to make people more comfortable.

All the doctors were there, Dr. Law with his jaws set with the determination of grim death but moving that moaning little girl as gently as a woman, and Dr. Ben giving his orders in low, quick tones, and keeping two or three pairs of hands busy while his own were not idle an instant. She wondered again what this all meant and when it was she was well and strong and walking along the street.

Her head felt queer and she was sleepy and she laid back on her pillow.

When she awoke it was daylight. The first thing she saw was a man sitting on a box near her. He was very pale and had a bandage around his head and his arm in a sling. She was half frightened at first and then she cried out joyfully, 'Oh Lewis!'

It was some time before they could either of them talk much.

'Poor Uncle!' she said at last, as well as she could through her sobs,—for she was sobbing now,—'did you know?'

'Yes.'

'Why don't they take them home?'

'Home, dear, there isn't as much as a piece of kindling wood left of his house.'

'Why, Lewis, where is it?'

'That is more than I or any one else can tell. There isn't a house left anywhere around there, they say, not even the boards they were made of.'

'Then ours is gone.'

'Yes.'

She was silent a moment, and then she said, 'Well, I can go on teaching just the same, I suppose.'

'The school house is gone, too.'

'The school house!'

'Yes, and the depot and all my money too, dear. You see my clothes were mostly torn off when they found me.'

'Grandma was right,' she said, after a pause; 'poor grandma, this is an uncertain world.'

It was some days before they walked out together again. When they did they could hardly find the place where their house had been. All the landmarks were gone, not even a board or bit of rubbish to tell where the houses had stood, all swept clean as a floor. One poor old lady was picking up a few potatoes that had grown in her garden, all she had left in the world. Another had found a clock stopped just at the hour when the storm struck and a third who had come to look about was telling how a grindstone had come whizzing through the side of their house from no one knew where.

'I tell you what it is, Mattie,' said her father, when he came to see her, 'it struck us hard enough, though not as bad as here, but there isn't a bundle of wheat left on my 160 acres.'

'Oh, father, where is it?'

'That's what I should like to know and there isn't a live thing on the place but the cat and dog.'

'Not mother and—'

'Oh, not the folks, none of us were hurt, but the cattle and horses and everything.'

'Were they all killed, father?'

'Yes, all,—for what the cyclone didn't kill I had to. It was pretty hard to kill Dolly but—'

'Did you kill her?'

'Yes, she had two legs broken, but matters are so much worse here, I don't complain, though its pretty hard.'

And again Martha said, 'Poor Grandma! she was right, this is an uncertain world!'

A STRANGE ESCAPE.

BY LILY M. CURRY.

He was thoroughly uncomfortable; of this he was satisfied. He was suffering, in fact, from a serious complication, in which pique and *ennui* were equally prominent.

He yawned, shut his jaws with a snap, and again surveyed his apartments. He readily thought they ought to satisfy the most fastidious of women; and yet she, contrary little creature, persisted in absenting herself. Whatever could she find in that slow Southern town? What indeed, when here were home, elegance, the gay season, and himself—her husband.

He scowled at the ebony cheffonier where lay her letter, an hour since arrived.

He blinked moodily at her boudoir photograph on the wide oak mantle above the pleasant fire—a charming image that sauced and mocked him with its smiling radiance. His own picture was also there, a tall, brunette fellow with the best tempered of faces, the frankest of expressions. But he gave this no thought; he only felt restless and impatient for her home-coming.

Two weeks was a period long enough for any visit; and here she wanted another two! Preposterous!

Having a splendid time, was she? Among all her old friends, her young friends, that meant. There was no end of gayety. She only wished he were there himself. He had a good mind to take her at her word and go on without letting her know. How surprised she would be!

But then she was visiting her mother, and though he loved her mother (for her sake) he was not longingly disposed toward that officious elderly lady.

'They were having such fun!' No fun to be had here in the metropolis, he supposed.

Now if it were he—if he were away, he should be constantly thinking of this pretty home—how cosy rooms in an apartment mansion—all curtained with satin and plush velvet, with ebonized wood work inlaid with gold, and richly-hung walls and fanciful bronzes and pottery.

He snatched her letter from the cheffonier, glancing at the fashionable anguiar hand, and flung the missive on the fire. He would not answer it; perhaps she would learn to consider his pleasure when she failed to hear from him.

Meanwhile he would dismiss the subject and look about for some new amusement. Theatre was an old story; opera a bore. Teas and 'At Homes' were always stupid, it was dull enough, escorting Louise when she was here.

He wished he were abroad; in Paris, for example, where so many novelties were spread before one.

At this point he was interrupted by a caller—a gay bachelor friend of unlimited resources, social and financial.

'How d'ye do?' said the visitor.

'How are you?' responded the other, with a doleful sort of cordiality.

'Never was better, Martin; but you seem depressed.'

'Do I?'

'Yes, Mr. Forrester, you do. Lonesome perhaps. When do you expect Mrs. F.?'

'Lord knows,' said Martin, with a groan. 'She has just written me she will stay two or three, or four, or fifty weeks longer.'

'Stretching that a little, aren't you.'

'No; Clem, how do you manage to amuse yourself? You never seem bored. I wish you would tell me what to do to-night.'

'That's what I came for.'

'No?'

'Yes, really; I want you to go to the ball.'

'What ball?'

'The *bal masque* at the Academy; French, you know. Oceans of fun.'

'Honest fact?'

'Why of course. Big thing; lots of snap there.'

'All right; I am yours. But mind you I don't stay if it gets tiresome.'

'Of course you needn't. Glad you have no other engagement. I'll be off now and call for you at nine.'

Martin lounged on after his friend's departure and fell into a pleasant reverie.

Perhaps he would enjoy the ball; perhaps he might even indulge in a harmless flirtation with some mysterious witch in fluttering draperies, with a dainty page in crimson flashings, or some elusive domino, who would shake her fan at him and laugh with dazzling eyes through a provoking mask, then drop a flower from her shoulder knot and glide away.

He would go!

He dined nervously; his pulse already quickening at the thought of the revelry in store.

He was not quite sure that Louise would approve, could she know, but he was his own master. Besides, if she preferred her mother and sisters and her old friends (her former admirers, he thought, with a jealous twinge,) she could not expect him to forego all amusement.

At 9 o'clock his friend, Clement Moore, turned up and bore him off in high glee to the Academy.

They were both in evening dress and at once procured masks that they might go upon the floor before midnight.

It was a scene fit to make one faint and dizzy. The crowd was poring down upon a floor that glistened from circle to stage. The boxes were hung with gay banners and thronged with society men undisguised. The promenade band was on one side of the topmost gallery; the band that should play for the dancing was on the opposite side.

Delicious music streamed downwards as constantly as the flood of light from the great electric burners in the centre, and mingling with the twain, subtle fragrance seemed to float with gentle insistence.

'But what shall we do for partners, Clem?' asked Martin, as they stood looking down from the foyer.

'Find 'em pretty soon,' laughed the other. 'There will be plenty of ladies present.'

'But we don't know them.'

'Don't we? Never mind, child, I'll manage somehow. Don't look so glum.'

'But I want to dance,' said Martin, fretfully.

The band had begun one of his favorite waltzes, 'My Dream;' he stood silent through the introduction then swayed gently from side to side as the first number was begun. Meanwhile Clem Moore had disappeared.

The waltz continued and ended; other music followed, and the next thing that Martin knew, he was standing up for a quadrille. Beside him stood a lithe form in a dazzling domino of the hue of red carnations, a hue which seemed to chain and master his senses. Such a tall, lithe form with slender, exquisite arms and tiny hands in cardinal gloves, and throat like alabaster stem, and hair magnificent in blackness!

What a divinely beautiful woman this must be! And how perfect her costume of one color—even the small half masque through which shone eyes like moon-lit waters. Was it like a hour? Or did he dream? Glancing across he saw only that his friend's partner was a fair lady in palest blue, graceful enough, perhaps; but, oh, ye gods! This woman at his side!

Then, too, she danced with exquisite poise and balance. With such a partner one could never weary. High against her lily throat lay carnations in a cluster, red as blood, fragrant beyond telling. A strong, dizzy fragrance was on that, that enveloped one with its clouds and billows.

When the dance was over they slowly promenaded; her hand upon his arm, looking like a scarlet flower.

He stole occasional glances at the round ed chin and lips enthralling with their pure placidity. Yet he did not speak until they reached seats. Then, 'would she rest?' he ventured, timorously. She gave a sighing assent.

He lifted her fan and fanned her a little; she smiled graciously as might a queen.

The band played softly, the lights shone, the dancers walked in twos, and the perfumes of her flowers seemed to enclose them both.

Forrester dreamed on, and heard the other band take up the left-off thread of melody and branch out into the passionate 'Siren's Waltz.'

They went again upon the floor and floated on its strong, sweet waves until the wild, closing tumult.

Then a gay voice mocked in his ear —the voice of his friend, Clement:

'Having a good time, Martin? Change partners with me?'

'No,' said Martin, sharply, to his second question, and they drifted away once more.

Toward midnight they wandered into the supper room. Over the slink of glasses came a maddening strain from 'Orphee aux Enfers,' and Martin grew strangely feverish over his favorite 'Vive Cliquot.'

His partner sipped the wine in gentle lady fashion, and tasted the pate, the ice, the Napolitaine, with careless grace.

They returned to the ball room and danced harder, more steadily than before, till by and by, when the music hushed like the quelling of a fountain, a low, sweet voice fell upon his senses.

'I am tired; I must go.'

'Not yet,' said Martin, irresolutely.

'Ah, yes; it must be near morning.'

He led her to the cloak room, thinking he should see her face at last, and went for his own things.

But she came out wrapped in a long cloak and heavily veiled.

Outside were cabs in abundance, waiting in the quiet that precedes dawn.

He chose one and turned to her.

She whispered the name of a west-side ferry.

They drove away in the quiet of the empty streets, and he spoke, impetuously:

'Tell me who you are?'

'Why should I tell you, *mon ami*?

'Because I must know.'

She gave a laugh as musical as falling water or the ripple of xylophone music.

'Must you, indeed?'

'I must and will.'

'Beware,' she said, softly, 'beware!'

He leaned toward her.

'Tell me your name,' he said, breathlessly.

'Delicia,' she answered, after a moment, and then was silent.

'Delicia,' he repeated, 'but what else?'

'What does it matter?'

'You madden me,' he cried, immediately.

The carriage stopped; they had reached the ferry.

'Dismiss the cab,' she said, suddenly. 'I prefer to cross on foot.'

They walked leisurely through the ferry-house and found the boat about to start. They hurried aboard and passed to the forward end.

As they settled themselves for the trip, a faint cry from the lady.

'My parcel! My parcel—with my things! I have dropped it in the ferry-house; I remember it slipped.'

'Sit still,' said Martin. 'There is time. I will go for it.'

He strode through the cabin and out again upon the shore, rushing into the ferry-house, and making there a hasty search.

But he could find no parcel.

He stood for a moment, perplexed, uncertain. He heard the windlass rattle, the chains unloosened.

He could hesitate no longer; he must return to her.

He ran out again upon the dock.

Horror! The boat had started!

Just for a moment he paused, faltering, then ran forward, took a long leap and—*missed the boat.*

Heavens! He was falling, falling, oh, so far!

Then he struck the water; it closed over his head, icy, smothering.

In a moment he came up again, gasping, grasping, struggling, and touched something like a rod or pole.

He clutched it and felt that he was close to the dock. He kept his head above the water, breathing short, sharp breaths.

He seemed awakening from an awful nightmare; he felt as if he had been strangely saved from something he scarce knew what.

He summoned all his will power, and slowly drew himself up, hand over hand, until he reached a ledge and an overhanging rope.

After another mighty effort he stood again upon the dock, shivering and dripping in the winter night. He had made no outcry and the boat had not put back.

A strange sense of gratitude grew within him, chilled and shivering as he was.

His individuality had returned; his sense of right. He was himself once more—the husband of Louise and her lover.

He got out through the ferry-house and found a cab in which he was driven rapidly to his home.

He shivered in his wet garments, and shuddered at his own folly. Thank heaven, he had escaped the toils of the siren.

When he entered his room he was shaking with a hard chill. He managed to get off his icy garments and creep into bed. Then came reaction and fever.

Dawn crept slowly into the place. And by-and-by, perhaps an hour or two later, the door opened softly, and some one spoke his name:

'Martin, dearest!'

He raised himself and welcomed her with feverish joy.

'Louise!'

She rushed to embrace him.

'My own darling; what is the matter? I dreamed you were ill, and so I came at once. My poor, dear darling!'

'Oh, Louise, Louise. How could you stay away from me?'

'Never mind, dearest,' she said, soothingly. 'I'll take good care of you and get you well; and I'll never leave you again. But what is the matter? Have you taken cold?'

'Yes, I have taken cold,' he said, with a groan of remorse, 'but I'll never do it again.'

And then she petted and caressed him with such sweetly tender compassion that he scarce could refrain from confessing all his stupid folly and his strange escape.—[The Eye.

SENSATIONS OF A HASHEESH-EATER.

(From Temple Bar.)

I swallowed six grains, dissolved in a spoonful of brandy. My pulse at the time was beating steadily at the rate of 62 strokes a minute, and I had eaten nothing for five hours. Half an hour later I dined: and afterward, foregoing my usual cup of coffee, I settled myself into a comfortable arm chair by the fire side and lighted a cigar. I was not drowsy, but felt lazy and disinclined to move; and this tendency was speedily increased by an agreeable sensation of warmth that pervaded my whole body. A friend who was with me, however, said my actual temperature was normal, and that my pulse was but very slightly accelerated. Presently a curious torpor began to take possession of my extremities. My feet and hands successively "went to sleep" for a few moments and then they awoke again, tingled as though they had been frost bitten, and were rapidly regaining their normal condition. The frequent recurrence of these sensations concentrated my attention upon myself, and little by little I fell into complete silence, and lay back in my chair. Although I did not lose consciousness for more than three or four seconds at a time, my connection with things around me became irksome, if not impossible, and I involuntarily surrendered myself to the dreaminess that now came over me.

It is fabled of Gontram the Good of Burgundy that his soul, while he slept, once left his body and penetrated into the bowels of Mont Tresor, where it beheld a magnificent vision of hidden wealth. My mind, too, seemed to quit my body and travel into a fairy land.

It visited the strand of a calm and moonlit sea, in whose waters beautiful women bathed, laughing. Thence it was transported to a award of a forest glade full of the music of birds that flitted hither and thither. Again with equal suddenness, it was carried upward through the crisp air of the night to a mountain peak, whence all around was visible in the starlight, and I felt myself alone in a world of ice fields and avalanches. But no vision lasted for long. It changed with the rapidity of the pattern in the revolving kaleidoscope; and so entranced was I by what I seemed to behold, that my friend had to raise his voice ere he could temporarily arouse me to a sense of reality. Whenever he shouted into my ear, I answered languidly; but, even as I replied—these details my companion furnishes—my attention wandered off, and my half finished sentence ended in irrelevant or incoherent nonsense. I had not the strength of will to tear myself away from my dreamings.

And, no wonder, seeing what dreams were mine! I seemed to be as much at home in water and air as on the earth. After flying through space toward a star, and noticing as I approached it its increasing magnitude and brightness I felt seaward, and plunging beneath the waves, found myself in a glorious cavern, through whose roof vault echoed the tones of an organ. It must have been at this time that I staggered to the piano which stood in a corner of the room. Under ordinary circumstances I am a poor player, yet I have a good ear and improvise with tolerable facility. My friend, there fore, expected to hear what he had often heard before from me—a trivial air, perhaps, and some vulgar variations upon it; and he was accordingly astonished when I began a wild melody like some of the quaint creations of Saint Saens, and played it (so my friend says) with brilliancy. For myself, I remember nothing of my performance. My advened fingers on the piano seems to have turned the current of my dreams. I was back in my chair by the fire, and thenceforward my dreams instead of being sublime, became ridiculous. I imagined that everything was animated around me. The clock smiled, the chairs moved, the coals in the grate were little giggling imps. Yet I felt perfectly at ease, and watched the transformations without any sensation of surprise, much less of terror. And, in addition to my real surroundings, all of which assumed grotesque forms, numberless imaginary creatures came before my eyes, men and women more comically exaggerated in feature and manner than any of the inventions of mortal caricaturist, and many a strange beast beside. Then succeeded the third stage of the influence of the hasheesh. Numbness seemed to steal over me. I imagined that my legs turned to lead, and the idea grew until I became wholly metallic—a living machine, an engine through whose valves the steam hissed and whistled, threatening the total disruption of the whole affair. While in this state I could not move, and yet when my friend aroused me I could still give broken and wandering replies to his questions. Even this qualified measure of consciousness deserted me in time, however, and I went to sleep. An hour later, or about four and one half hours after having swallowed the hasheesh, I awoke, dazed and dreamy; but a draught of cold water immediately brought me to myself, and in ten minutes more the influence of the drug had entirely evaporated. What is more, I had a furious appetite and at midnight I ate a great supper. I had no headache, no lassitude and no nervousness; and when in the small hours, I turned into bed, I slept soundly, dreamlessly and naturally, and rose next morning none the worse for my experiment.

VALENTINE TO A MAN OF WORTH.

BY EDWARD A. CHURCH.

(From "Brick-a-Brac" in the February Century.)

Fair sir! to you my maiden intuitions—
Shy but sincere—ingenuously incline,
And if I find you answer the conditions,
I'll take your bid and be your Valentine.

I know your worth—that is, your general merit;
But, when your mourned and wealthy father died,
Your learning, too, has bound my heart in fetters—
Are you an owner in Bell Telephone?

For you are wise, if street report be true;
I, too, a childish fancy have for letters—
I hope you're solid on "C., B., & Q."

Your noble presence—"dignified and stately"—
With inexperienced ardor I adore;
But those Villard stocks! Have you tried 'em lately?
And were you long or short on that Lake Shore?

So, gentle Sir, if you aright but read me,
And will with all your Bonds and Stocks be mine,
Then into Mutual Union you shall lead me,
And I will be—

Your booming VALENTINE.

A FARMER'S WIFE.

[From the Hartford Times.]

We know a refined, intelligent woman living among the green hills of Vermont, whose life is typhical of hundreds in that vicinity and scores scattered throughout the far West. She arises at 5 o'clock in the morning, chops wood, draws water, makes fires, prepares the meals for five stalwart 'hired men,' besides doing the washing, ironing, scrubbing, churning, pressing, pickling, mending, making, etc., besides she tends the chickens, feeds the hens and calves, and is occasionally called upon to accelerate the departure of pigs to that bourne from which no pig ever returns. Her work is never done. She fries doughnuts at 10 o'clock at night, and begins life on pie the next morning. Her only dissipations are prayer meetings, funerals and huckleberrying, varied by winter kettledrums where the guests sew carpet rags, refreshed with cider, forfeits and kisses. Her literature is limited to Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Josiah Allen's Wife, and the Zion's Herald. Her music to a fountain filled with blood, dismal sounds from the tomb and invitations to anxious seats. Her pictures to a plump prodigal son, a perpetual Samuel, a furious Cain, an amiable George Washington, Napoleon on his death bed at St. Helena, a weeping willow and a widow in a graveyard of hair, and a few glistening tin types of freshly engaged couples, who with hands clasped, hair oiled, and imitation watch chains spread out to 'show,' stare rigidly into a future the counterpart of her own. Her bric a brac consists of wax work, daguerreotypes, plaster busts with green noses, yellow baskets, and crushed strawberry tails, and a shell box containing reward of merit cards, the pathetic remembrances of her vanished childish years—the only visible recognition of her goodness that the poor little woman ever had. Her dress is calico all the year around, for week days, and blue lipses in bandays. Her windows are covered with green paper shades, and the parlor floor with the envy and awe of the neighborhood, a tapestry carpet overflowing with red and pink atrocities in yellow horns of plenty.

She is a woman after Rev. Morgan Dix's own heart. She stays at home. The glorious pictures of majestic mountains, the flashing cascades, the leafy woods, the splendor of blue skies, the soft white clouds, and sweet smalliug daisy fields are not for her, except in tantalizing glimpses which only increase the thirst of her thirsting soul. She has no time to receive the sense of power and peace that comes from those stately mountains; no time to revel in the exquisite beauty of those wide fields; no time to lie on the grass and watch the softly sailing clouds, or trace the truthful symbols and discover the wondrous revelations that nature gives to those who love and understand her.

Yet this woman's husband has made a little fortune of $30,000 from lumber, which is considered something colossal in that region of magnificent forests and pleasures circumscribed. She has been brought up to believe that he was created a superior being. So has he. He is coarse, red haired, freckled, pious, penurious and asthmatic. He has had a change of heart and one change of 'meetin' clothes,' in which he looks more hideous than he does in his overalls. His chief satisfaction is to chew tobacco, talk in class meeting and to get a bargain. He never owes a penny and never gives one. He can pray and he thinks he can sing. It takes him 30 minutes every night and 15 minutes every morning to tell the Lord of several mistakes and to ask a few mild favors. One is to wreak vengeance on a neighbor who had sailed by her request, to carry her with his wife and children to the circus, all joyful at the unusual holiday. How her heart beat, how her limbs shook! Once off and out of view of the hay field, she would breathe freer. One taste of pleasure, and it was hers forever, no matter what happened afterward. They turned the corner and a man appeared on the dusty road. It was her husband, sent there by one of those malicious chances that sometimes 'thwart the wills of men' and of women. He stopped them. Explanations followed. 'It is my money. I didn't take it from the house, I earned it yesterday,' she faltered, holding up her toil worn, thorn scratched hands. It was her only appeal, and it fell mute upon her quivering lips, as he sternly ordered her to 'get down.' She ought not to have got down, and we are sorry to say that she did. But she is meek and good, and she 'obeyed' with her eyes and heart full of tears. He walked unrelentingly by her side to the house. He took her hardly won bits of silver. He said they should go into the contribution box next Sunday to atone for the heineous sin she had committed in wishing to enter unholy places. He entered, the closed sanctuary of his parlor. He removed the tobacco quid from his mouth and placed it upon the mantel. Then he prayed. Kneeling in the center of the floor, on the biggest, yellowest most unfaded 'horn of plenty' that besprinkled the carpet, he asked the Lord, in nasal tones, to chasten the worldly spirit of his wife, to withhold her from the snares of temptation, baited by the devil, and to keep her from the flesh pots of Egypt and Vermont. She never complains. She suffers vaguely, not fully comprehending the servile position she holds in her husband's house. We are glad she does not. In her case it would make no difference if she did understand it.

This is only one woman's life out of thousands, under varying conditions and circumstances, to be sure, but true just the same. Yet there are unthinking men and women who say that 'justice and equality are not good for women; they have all the privileges that are necessary.'

SONG.

BY ELLEN MCGORERTS MASON.

[From the German of Heine.]

Like sapphires are those lovely eyes:
Their glance how clear and sweet!
Oh, three-times happy is the man
Whom they with love looks greet.

A splendid diamond is thy heart,
The richest gem earth knows.
Oh, three-times happy is the man
For whom with love it glows.

Like rubies are those arch, sweet lips,
Most precious to possess.
Oh, three-times happy is the man
To whom they love confess.

If I but knew that happy man,
Who would the wretch defend!
Had I him in a lonesome wood—
How soon his joy would end!

—[Boston Courier.

THE SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEF IN "LUCK."

In direct opposition to the idea of mastery through knowledge and continuous effort, we find the belief in luck, the central idea of which is that success in our favor may pervade events. The notion of natural order in events, followed regardless of persons, substitutes for the illusion of luck the truth of a mere coincidence between what we like and what results. Such favorable coincidences when not read aright have wrecked the lives of some men who might otherwise have developed useful powers. A careful study of such a fortunate turn of events reveals some unpleasant but irresistible fact—that a sustained favorable coincidence is very rare and likely to be of doubtful permanent value, because there is not a proper development of personal quality whereby no injury will result from prosperity. The fortunate person comes to swim in a sea of new conditions which he has not the experience or natural process of growth. The phrase "always lucky" is open to two objections not easily set aside, owing to profound complexity of events: that the person may have skill, tact, agreeableness; and that there may be error, owing to the special or restricted view of the person judging. Belief in luck is merely another name for unconscious, and, at times they become the most distressing and dangerous diseases that can afflict the human system. Most diseases of the Kidneys arise from impurities in the blood, causing the poisons which settle on these parts. Vegetine excels any known remedy in the whole world for cleansing and purifying the blood, thereby causing a healthy action to all the organs of the body.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

Jan12-1c

A REMARKABLE HIGHWAYMAN.

[From All the Year Round.]

The career of the dashing robber Higgins is indeed remarkable. We first hear of him in the west, robbing a farmer coming home from market, and being transported to the American plantations. There he escapes from custody, breaks into a house at Boston, and so, provided with funds, gets on shipboard, and back to his native land. Then, with renewed confidence and daring, he takes to the road, and is so successful in his pursuits that he is enabled to set up house-keeping at Knutsford—quite the gentleman, with sporting dogs and thoroughbred horses. He marries a daughter of a respectable family, and is much looked up to by the neighborhood, and pays his way with strict punctuality. But some night, when all the world is abed, he saddles one of his thoroughbreds, muffles up its hoofs in worsted stockings, rides silently out of the paved courtyard, and through the sleeping town; and dashes off to some rendezvous, 50 or 100 miles away. Presently a terrible affair happens at Bristol; an old lady is found one morning murdered, and her house ransacked. She is known to have had considerable hoard of coin in Spanish dollars and doubloons; perhaps the old lady herself had been the child of a bold buccaneer and the dollars had been got by evil deeds upon the Spanish main. Higgins is the first to bring the news to Knutsford, long before the flying posts and weekly mails have wind of it; and it is noticed that soon after that Spanish money has suddenly come into circulation about Knutsford, where, perhaps, a more cosmopolitan spirit reigned than at present, in the way of currency.

People might have put this and that together, but it seems they didn't, for Higgins still continued to move in the best society; and one night attended an assembly at Knutsford, ruffling it among all the county grandees. One Lady Hepburton, of Arly, he noticed for the splendor of her diamond parure and general display of gems and jewels; and Higgins marked them for his own. He left earlier than the rest, and rode out to meet the Warburton chaise, which presently came lumbering up. Higgins, trusting to the darkness of the night and his slouched hat and cloak, dashed up to the coach; but the lady within, catching sight of his face, greeted him with a friendly wave of the hand—'Oh, Mr. Higgins, why did you leave us so early?' The highwayman, abashed, muttered some polite rejoinder and rode off.

His last exploit was to break open the house of a lady of rank near Carmarthen, a terrible ride for the thoroughbred over the wild mountain passes; but here he was caught red handed, tried, and convicted, protesting that he was a gentleman of condition, and that the whole affair was a mistake. Apart from these eccentricities of conduct Higgins seems to have been an amiable man—anyhow, he had secured the warm affection of his wife, who stood by him to the last. Just before the date fixed for the execution, a reprieve came down, signed by Lord Shelborne; but the under sheriff, convinced that this was a forgery, refused to delay the hanging. The gallows was, as was then usual, some little distance from the town, and Higgins walked at such a rate that the attendants could hardly keep up with him, abusing the under sheriff all the way, and protesting that the reprieve was a good one. On mounting the fatal ladder he handed a letter to the sheriff, it is said, containing